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formance so perfectly admirable, that the dear Mozart, could he have heard it, would have thrown himself upon Bergmann's neck and kissed him.

The Introduction to *Lohengrin* needs a key to explain its meaning. It is grandly instrumental, and is clearly, intensely thoughtful; but being of the Programme-music class, it needs a commentary to make its meaning clear. In the long holding notes with which the piece concludes, the violins were a shade flat, otherwise Wagner's Introduction received ample justice at the hands of the orchestra.

Mendelssohn's A major symphony was always a favorite with our public, for every reason which can endear music to an audience, and its superb performance on Saturday evening last, was listened to with profound and admiring attention. It is a master piece in construction, its elements are pure musical inspirations, and its orchestral treatment exhibits that profound knowledge of all the resources of instrumentation, which has placed Mendelssohn side by side with the few great masters in symphonic writing. Its execution displayed all the high points of excellence which we have noted above. It was a performance without reproach, delightful to listen to, and worthy of the only great instrumental organization in America. The fourth concert fully equalled its predecessors in its surpassing executive excellence.

No one can expect to be equally great in all things, and Madame Parepa afforded an illustration of the fact, when she attempted Weber's grand Scena from "Oberon," which is emphatically the most dramatic vocal composition extant. It is descriptive throughout, and deals with a variety of emotions and passions; and if these are not expressed, the composition loses all its point. Madame Parepa-Rosa substituted for grandeur of expression and intensity of passion, clearness of enunciation only; to utter the words syllable by syllable with a slow and painful distinctness, seemed to be her sole aim, and this she achieved at a sacrifice of the design and intention of the composer. Of course Madame Parepa sang well—so fine an artist could not do otherwise; but she did not give an artistic reading of the work, nor did she give any evidence that she felt or appreciated Weber's wonderful exposition of the situation. We know that Madame Rosa is overworked; but, even allowing that, we cannot accept from so prominent an artist so feeble an interpretation of so grand a composition. She was more successful in Mozart's aria, although that was by no means as satisfactory as we could have desired—excepting as to the accompaniment which was played to perfection by the orchestra.

“*Un jour de bonheur*,” recently produced at Paris with such success, is the fortieth dramatic work of the veteran Auber, whose Operetta “*L'Ambassadrice*” has just been played at the St. George's Opera House, London, with Mdlle. Liebhart as the heroine.

Some of the late Professors of the London Academy of Music intend to carry on the school by the aid of private subscription. The Principal, Dr. Sterndale Bennett, announces that the session will open this month with an increase of students.

The report of a contemporary, that a daughter of Mr. John Hullah is about to appear on the stage is without foundation.

THE PIANO QUESTION POSITIVELY SETTLED ONCE MORE:

Some one has again kindly settled the question of the piano supremacy between Messrs. Chickering and Steinways in favor of the latter. The Steinways were so certain of winning from the first that they have felt it necessary to get Tom, Dick and Harry to solemnly settle the fact, some score of times or so, each settlement weakening their boasting assertions, and leaving them now hopelessly laggards in the race. One of the half hundred music-store advertising sheets in the interest of the Steinway house has the following:

“The American struggle for precedence in the awards of prizes for pianofortes is now settled by the official printed list, pretty generally circulated. *Steinway*, the inventor of the metal framework and other improvements, comes after the name of Broadwood, and precedes that of his valiant rival, Chickering.—*London Orchestra*.

“The foregoing is from an influential foreign journal, which can have no interest in the affair save to state facts, and to clear up a matter which has caused a great deal of newspaper controversy. Now that it is settled by the official printed list, and universally acknowledged by the press, we trust that the intelligent hundred thousand readers of the *Orpheus* will have no doubt that Messrs. Steinway & Sons received the first medal awarded to American pianoforte exhibitors. We are glad that the matter is really decided at last.”

The *London Orchestra* evidently mistakes the whole matter, for it credits the iron frame to Steinway, when it is universally known to be the invention of Chickering. The matter of precedence is well known to be of absolutely no importance, the three medals being equal in value and significance, while the “Order of the Legion of Honor,” conferred upon Chickering as a mark of superior merit over all other makers, is a settler for the pretensions of the Steinways, which all their advertising dodges can never rise from under. It must be to them a terrible and mortifying fact that several members of the same committee who certified, on the 20th of July, 1867, that they had been awarded the first gold medal, which certificate they still publish everywhere, should, on the 19th of November, 1867, state distinctly that the bestowal of the Legion of Honor was an additional honor to the presentation of the gold medal! Then came Liszt's unqualified testimonial as to the superiority of the Chickering pianos! A heaping of testimony upon testimony, which undoubtedly settles the question beyond dispute. The “*Morpheus*” is glad that the matter is really settled at last, but its gladness is of that sort where one laughs on the wrong side of the mouth.

Chickering & Sons have received yet another testimonial to the superior construction of their pianos, which the following paragraph from the London correspondence of *Town and Country*, a clever paper recently published by Mr. P. F. Nicholson, will fully expound:

“Mr. James M. Wehli, who came back from America with expanded ideas on the subject of the pianoforte, endeavored to induce some of the principal manufacturers to attempt the experiment of constructing a framework upon the model of that invented by Messrs. Chickering & Sons. He succeeded after a while in winning the Messrs. Col-

lard to his views, and the result was that he presently played in Covent Garden Theatre upon a pianoforte which, not only in the matter of the frame, but also in other important particulars, was a precise copy of the Chickering grand. The superiority in tone and power were at once and universally conceded, and the reputation of Messrs. Collard & Collard, already high, has risen again. But I do not anywhere discover the slightest allusion to the real originators of the improvement.”

Taking credit for the use of other people's brains is not a purely American institution. But however the Messrs. Collard may try to hide the fact, it will come out, and the honor will be given to Chickering & Sons, to whom it belongs.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The New York Mendelssohn Union gave their third concert on the 27th ult., before, we regret to say, a somewhat thin and fearfully unappreciative audience. It was cold without and cold within, and each piece of music seemed to add to the inward chilliness and to exert an active depressing effort upon the lugubrious audience. The programme was very badly arranged, the first being a mere selection of songs, with one concerted piece of the following peculiar construction namely, solo quartette with chorus, with an independent pianoforte accompaniment, in the bass for one finger. The effect was novel, not to say pleasing, but peculiar, and stamps the work as decidedly original. The chorus part was charmingly sung, and the solo quartette was—well it was wonderful, and like the ways of Providence, past all understanding.

Van Bree's Cantata “*St. Cecilia*,” is a very pleasing work, but by no means large enough to form the *piece de resistance* for so able and competent a society, as the Mendelssohn Union. The choruses were, however, very admirably sung, and had the success of the concert depended upon the choral efforts, we should have nothing to record but praise. Mr. Bristow did all a conductor could do, but we hope that the next concert will effectually efface the memory of the last.

Mr. C. B. Derby gave a very pleasant concert at Flushing, Long Island, on the 24th ult., which from the artists announced should have attracted a large audience, but the sublime apathy of the rural population cannot be moved by any thing less potent than calomel or a circus company. These benighted foreign parts should be left severely alone, for their stolid ingratitude towards those who seek to drive a little light into the adipos deposit which they call brains, is simply intolerable. When a concert or “show,” as they elegantly term it, is announced, every one is open-mouthed with a blank expression of pleasure, but when the “show” comes, their mouths are closed as well as their pockets. However, the artists, Messrs. Poznanski, Derby, Hall, Johnson and Morgan sang and played to the atoms present, as though they had been sentient, intelligent beings. Poznanski played deliciously and Morgan pianoized with more brilliancy and elan than we ever heard him display before. Mr. Derby has a very sweet and melodious tenor voice and sang very tastefully. Mr. Hall has a fine voice and sang with spirit.

Mrs. Marie Abbott was announced, and was present, but as her music and dresses

were entrusted to a faithful expressman, one of those disinterested public servants who persistently outrage every public right, and go on doing their own sweet will with perfect nonchalance, the trunk containing the aforesaid necessary articles did not arrive, having probably been sent to New Orleans, consequently Mrs. Abbott could not appear. An apology was made to the units present, who tapped their ten fingers together in token of regret, we presume, but the manner was so ghostly that the meaning was indistinguishable. The company was very mixed, and the witticisms expressed after the performance were choice and pointed. One man was asked how he liked the "show?" He said "it was first rate; that the big man, (meaning the bass) had a voice like a bull." This sample must suffice. We must say, however, that if the Flushing-ites are not fast to pay they are not slow to charge, the simple hotel bill being about double the receipts of the concert. However, a general desire was expressed that the concert should be repeated! Cool! wasn't it? If we were a party concerned, we should say in the language of the immortal bard, "don't you wish you met it?"

Are there no Tenors in America? Sounds there no single A of might and worth in these United States—must Oratorio die for want of a native or resident tenor? It seemeth so, for Boston sends to England—'tis said—seeking a tenor for its forthcoming Festival in June! Hide your diminished heads, ye tenors of Columbia, and gnash your degraded teeth; your country will have none of ye! The case must indeed be desperate, when Boston sends 3,000 miles for a plant which, it seems, grows not on American soil.

We hear on good authority that Madame Parepa-Rosa has made an arrangement with Mr. Maguire for an operatic *tournée* in California of three months' duration, commencing in August next. Madame Rosa is joint *impresario* in this undertaking with Mr. Maguire, the principals being engaged by her, the band and chorus by her colleague. We doubt not that this prominent artiste and *primissima donna* will reap a golden harvest in the auriferous regions of the Pacific. We congratulate California generally on its approaching feast of *Operepa*.

"THE ARION," AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, ON THE 5TH INST.

This masquerade ball was certainly the finest, the most original, and the most effective, that ever unfolded itself to the festive inclined New York. It was the golden page of the ball season thus far. The committee of this society deserves praise and thanks, nay even admiration, for the exquisite arrangements, good accommodations, great civilities, and unremitting attentions to their patrons and guests. On entering the vestibule, the balmy air that met us was rich with the rarest odors of the tropics, and recollections of the splendor of dazzling Arabian nights transported, amazed and bewildered almost every joyful heart and soul. Arriving at the entrance of the ball-floor, the *coup d'oeil* was magnificent to behold. The boxes were filled with beautiful terrestrial angels, whom we so deservedly acknowledge to be the fairer sex, wrapped and attired in rich silks and satins, and most gorgeously dressed in all sorts of costumes of all record-

ed ages and of all nations, representing many oddities, yet much good taste in form and color. Until 9 o'clock the stage was concealed by a red curtain. Only a "Big Barrel," called *Heidelberger Fass*, lay conspicuously in the centre of the floor. At 10, p. m., precisely, this *ne plus ultra* of all "hogsheads" was tapped by a number of coopers, and out of it emerged: three mercuries, four police clubs, standard bearer with the carnival's farmer; master of ceremony in gala carriage drawn by diminutive hobby horses; three wig makers, carrying the ends of the master of ceremonies' wig; two aids-de-camp, riding on big snails or green lizards; music band with their leader and banner; flower committee, in the costume of Wallenstein's body guard; lobby committee, in the costume of falconers; drum-major's hat; rattle guard; a gigantic silver dollar, representing good times; a torn greenback, illustrating hard times; deputation from the animal kingdom; Johnson's defenders; congressional protectors; light and heavy artillery. At the conclusion of this procession, Prince Carnival mounted his throne, placed under a gorgeous pavilion in front of a revolving, glorious, but fantastic sun, and his faithful subjects indulged in all sorts of frolics, merriment and gaiety, instigated by the strains of music (a perfect avalanche of harmony,) which floated from the amphitheatre from hundreds of instruments, filling every heart with delight and ecstasy. The verdict of all guests was unanimous in praise, and this year's "Arion Festival" will long remain in pleasant memory of all its patrons.

THE "LA GRANGE AND BRIGNOLI" TROUPE.

New York will be glad to learn that Manager Strakosch returns here on Monday next, after a short but brilliant campaign in the interior, and opens at the Academy of Music with these admired artists in "Lucrezia Borgia."

WHAT THE THEATRES ARE DOING.

It is so long since we have had to record anything new in the dramatic way, that we go to the task with some misgiving as to its reality, and much doubt whether we may not awake and find Humpty Dumpty an empty dream, and the revival of Rosedale a sham.

There is something sweetly amusing, however, in speaking of Rosedale as a novelty, and yet if the genial public is to be credited on its acts, Rosedale is a novelty, or they would not rush in such eager thousands at its announcement as to monopolize every seat in the house a week ahead. This part is certain that on Monday last, when it was offered for the first time this season, in ten minutes after the doors were opened, the house was densely packed, and the inevitable sign "Standing Room Only," was hung above the box office for the delectation of those who blessed their unlucky stars that had not permitted them to arrive earlier.

To speak of Rosedale, critically, at this late day of its career, is like talking of Hamlet or Othello; everything has been said on the subject that can be said, and the conclusion has been arrived at by the press and the public, that it is about the cleverest acting play that has been put upon the stage since its original birth. If this fact was accorded in past seasons, it certainly has lost none of

its savor in the present, when all the strength of the first cast is retained, while the play has been more elegantly mounted than ever before. In truth, we feel in looking at the production of Rosedale, at Wallack's, that we are looking at the most elegantly got up play that has ever been on the American stage, or perhaps any other. The first scene, of Rosedale House and adjoining grounds, is a triumph of stage art, and the second scene in the fourth act, the Gipsey Dell, is superb.

Taking Rosedale for all in all, scenic beauty, clever acting, well selected music, and general effect, it is a wondrous success, and we expect nothing less than to be obliged to record the observation, for the next few months, that "it is running yet." And now for "Humpty Dumpty."

Humpty Dumpty is sufficiently famous in history not to need verification at our hands. One fault we must find either with the author or the management at the start, and that is on what we term a mis-reading of the original text. He, or they render it in this wise:

"Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall,
Not all the king's house, nor all the king's men
Could get Humpty Dumpty up again."
Now the true and original reading of this charming historical poem, as we have it in illuminated M.S.S. of the twelfth century, is as follows:

"Humpty Dumpty on the wall,
Humpty Dumpty got a fall,
All the doctors in the land,
Couldn't make Humpty Dumpty stand."

We commend this true and approved reading to the dramatist, Mr. Fox, and feel willing, should there be doubt in his mind on the subject, to leave the case as it stands to Mr. Bancroft, Williams the bill poster, or any other equally eminent literary gentleman.

That point being settled we will fall back on Humpty Dumpty, and say that if Mr. Fox intended in his composition to give us a little of everything that is existent and nonexistent, he has certainly succeeded. The grand drama opens with a colloquy between a good-looking Romance and a right pretty little Burlesque, who discuss "matters in general," as Solon Shingle says, and arrive at the conclusion that as all creation are to be amused the right way to amuse them is to get up a pantomime, and straightway they go at it. The next moment the stage is one succession of marvels; doors turn into blank walls, boxes into chairs, walls into tables, puddings into heads, and vice versa, while boys grow in five minutes from five years old to twenty, to say nothing of other trifles of the same kind, including a live pig, *a la* Daly—we thought that stage effect was patented—and, in short, everything except the locomotive scene.

In the midst of all these wonders the ballet breaks in at two or three places like a dash of poetry in the midst of a comic oration, and we have Sangali, Betty Rigl, M. Baptist, and a score of coryphees, each of whom a few years since would have been considered a premiere, in the most fascinating *pas*, and voluptuous poses.

The pantomime is in one act and sixteen scenes, lasting altogether about two and a half hours, and upon this point we do most earnestly protest. It is a matter worthy the attention of Mr. Bergh that a thousand peo-